And this the noble Bodie: I am ſotted,
Vtterly loſt; My Virgins faith has fled me:
For if my brother but even now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for *Arcite*,
Now if my Siſter; More for *Palamon*,
Stand both together: Now, come aske me Brother,
Alas, I know not: aske me now ſweet Siſter,
I may goe looke; What a meere child is *Fancie*,
That having two faire gawdes of equall ſweetneſſe,
Cannot diſtinguiſh, but muſt crie for both.

Enter Emil. and Gent.

Emil. How now Sir?
Gent. From the Noble Duke your Brother
Madam, I bring you newes: The Knights are come.
Emil. To end the quarrell?
Gent. Yes.
Emil. Would I might end firſt:
What ſinnes have I committed, chaſt *Diana*,
That my unſpotted youth muſt now be ſoyld
With blood of *Princes*? and my Chaſtitie
Be made the Altar, where the lives of Lovers,
Two greater, and two better never yet
Made mothers joy, muſt be the ſacrifice
To my unhappy Beautie?

Enter Theſeus, Hipolita, Perithous and attendants.

Theſeus. Bring 'em in quickly,
By any meanes, I long to ſee 'em.
Your two contending Lovers are return'd,
And with them their faire Knights: Now my faire Siſter,
You muſt love one of them.
Emil. I had rather both,
So neither for my ſake ſhould fall untimely

Enter Meſſengers. Curtis.

Theſ. Who ſaw 'em?
Per. I a while.
Gent. And I.
Theſ. From whence come you Sir?
Meſſ. From the Knights.

Theſ.

Theſ. Pray ſpeake
You that have ſeene them, what th
Meſſ. I will Sir,
And truly what I thinke: Six brav
Then theſe they have brought, (if
I never ſaw, nor read of: He that
In the firſt place with *Arcite*, by
Should be a ſtout man, by his face
(His very lookes ſo ſay him) his co
Nearer a browne, than blacke; ſte
Which ſhewes him hardy, feareleſ
The circles of his eyes ſhow faire v
And as a heated Lyon, ſo he looke
His haire hangs long behind him,
Like Ravens wings: his ſhoulders
Armd long and round, and on his
Hung by a curious Bauldricke;
To ſeale his will with, better o'my
Was never Souldiers friend.
Theſ. Thou ha'ſt well deſcribd
Per. Yet a great deale ſhort
Me thinkes, of him that's firſt wit
Theſ. Pray ſpeake him friend.
Per. I gheſſe he is a Prince too,
And if it may be, greater; for his ſ
Has all the ornament of honour i
Hee's ſomewhat bigger, then the
But of a face far ſweeter; His co
Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy: he ha
Without doubt what he fights fo
To make this cauſe his owne: In
All the faire hopes of what he un
And when he's angry, then a ſetl
(Not tainted with extreames) ru
And guides his arme to brave thi
He ſhewes no ſuch ſoft temper, h
Hard hayr'd, and curld, thicke tw
Not to undoe with thunder; In